

The freezing houres away? We haue scene nothing:  
We are beaſtly; ſubtle as the Fox for prey;  
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:  
Our Valour is to chace what flies: Our Cage  
We make a Quire, as doth the priſon'd Bird,  
And ſing our Bondage freely.

*Bel.* How you ſpeake.

Did you but know the Cities Villaines,  
And felt them knowingly: the Art o' th' Court,  
As hard to leaue, as keepe: whole top to climbe  
Is certaine falling: or ſo ſlipp'ry, that  
The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o' th' Warre,  
A paine that onely ſeemes to ſeek our danger  
I th' name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i' th' ſearch,  
And hath as oft a ſland'rous Epitaph,  
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times  
Doth ill deſerue, by doing well: what's worſe  
Muſt curt'lie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie  
The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd  
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once  
Fiſt, with the beſt of Note. *Cymbeline* lou'd me,  
And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name  
Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree  
Whoſe boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,  
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)  
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaues,  
And left me bare to weather.

*Gwi.* Vncertaine ſaueur.

*Bel.* My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)  
But that two Villaines, whoſe falſe Oathes preſayl'd  
Before my perfect Honor, ſwore to *Cymbeline*,  
I was Confederate with the Romans: ſo  
Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,  
This Rocke, and theſe Demefines, haue bene my World,  
Where I haue liu'd at honeſt freedom, payd  
More pious debts to Heauen, than in all  
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to th' Mountaines,  
This is not Hunters Language; he that ſtrikes  
The Veniſon fiſt, ſhall be the Lord o' th' Feaſt,  
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,  
And we will feare no poiſon, which attends  
In place of greater State.

He meete you in the Valleyes. *Exeunt.*  
How hard it is to hide the ſparkes of Nature?  
Theſe Boyes know little they are Sonnes to th' King,  
Nor *Cymbeline* dreames that they are aloue.  
They thinke they are mine,  
And though train'd vp thus meanely  
I th' Caue, whereon the Rowe their thoughts do hit,  
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them  
In ſimple and lowe things, to Prince it, much  
Beyond the ſpoke of others. This *Paladour*,  
The heyre of *Cymbeline* and *Belaine*, who  
The King his Father call'd *Quiderius*: Ioue,  
When on my three ſong ſchoole I ſit, and tell  
The warlike ſtory, I haue done, his ſpirits flye out  
Into my Story: ſay thus mine Enemy fell,  
And thus I ſet my ſonne on's necke, even then  
The Princely blood ſlowes in his Cheeke, he ſweats,  
Straines his yong Nerues, and puts himſelfe in poſture  
That acts my words. The yonger Brother *Cadwall*,  
Once *Arviragus*, in as like a figure  
Strikes liſe into my ſpeech, and ſhewes much more  
His owne conceyting. Hearke, the Game is row'd,  
Oh *Cymbeline*, Heauen and my Conſcience knowes  
Thou didd'ſt vniuſtly baniſh me: whereon

At three, and two yeeres old, I ſtole theſe Babes,  
Thinking to barre thee of Succeſſion, as  
Thou reſts me of my Lands. *Enripile*,  
Thou waſt their Nurſe, they took thee for their mother,  
And euery day do honor to her graue:  
My ſelfe *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* call'd  
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp. *Exit.*

### Scena Quarta.

*Enter Pisanio and Imogen.*

*Imo.* Thou told'ſt me when we came ſrom horſe, y place  
Was nere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother to  
To ſee me fiſt, as I haue now: *Pisanio*, Man:  
Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind  
That makes thee ſtare thus? Wherefore breaks that ſigh  
From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus  
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
Beyond ſelfe-explanation. Put thy ſelfe  
Into a hauiour of leſſe feare, ere wildneſſe  
Vanquiſh my ſayder Senſes. What's the matter?  
Why tender'ſt thou that Paper to me, with  
A looke vntender? Iſt be Summer Newes  
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'ſt  
But keepe that count'nance ſtil. My Husbands hand?  
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craſted him,  
And hee's at ſome hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue  
May take off ſome extremitie, which to reade  
Would be euen mortall to me.

*Pif.* Please you reade,  
And you ſhall finde me (wretched man) a thing  
The moſt diſdain'd of Fortune.

*Imogen reads.*

*Thy Miſtris (Pifanio) hath plaide the Strumpet in my  
Bed: the Teſtimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in me. I ſpeak  
not out of weak Surmiſes, but from prooffe as ſtrong as my  
greefe, and as certaine as I expect my Reuenge. That part, thou  
(Pifanio) muſt alke for me, ſe by Faith be not tainted with the  
breach of hers: let thine owne hands take away her life: I ſhall  
giue thee opportunity at Milford Haven. She hath my Letter  
for the purpoſe: where, if thou feare to ſtrike, and to make mee  
certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her diſhonour, and  
equally to me diſloyall.*

*Pif.* What ſhall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper  
Hath cut her throat already? No, 'tis Slander,  
Whoſe edge is ſharper then the Sword, whoſe tongue  
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whoſe breath  
Rides on the poſſing windes, and doth belye  
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,  
Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Graue  
This viperous ſlander enters. What cheere, Madam?

*Imo.* Falſe to his Bed? What is it to be falſe?  
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?  
To weepe twixt clock and clock? If ſleep charge Nature,  
To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him,  
And cry my ſelfe awake? That's falſe to's bed? Is it?

*Pifa.* Alas good Lady,

*Imo.* I falſe? Thy Conſcience witneſſe: *Iachimo*,  
Thou didd'ſt accuſe him of Incontinencie,  
Thou then look'd'ſt like a Villaine: now, me thinkeſt

Thy

Thy fauours good enough. Some ſay of Italy  
(Whoſe mother was her painting) hath betraid him:  
Poore I am ſtale, a Garment out of faſhion,  
And for I am richer then to hang by th' walles,  
I muſt be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!  
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good ſeeming  
By thy reuolt (oh Husband) ſhall be thought  
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,  
But worne a Biſke for Ladies.

*Pifa.* Good Madam, heare me.

*Imo.* True honeſt men being heard, like falſe *Aeneas*,  
Were in his time thought falſe: and *Synors* weeping  
Did ſcandall many a holy teare: tooke pity  
From moſt true wretchedneſſe. So thou, *Posthumus*  
Wilt lay the Leauen on all proper men;  
Goodly, and gallant, ſhalt be falſe and periur'd  
From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honeſt,  
Do thou thy Maſters bidding. When thou ſeeſt him,  
A little witneſſe my obedience. Looke  
I draw the Sword my ſelfe, take it, and hit  
The innocent Manſion of my Loue (my Heart):  
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:  
Thy Maſter is not there, who was inleede  
The riches of it. Do his bidding, ſtrike,  
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe;  
But now thou ſeem'ſt a Coward.

*Pif.* Hence vile Inſtrument,  
Thou ſhalt not damne my hap.

*Imo.* Why, I muſt dye:  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No Seruant of thy Maſters. Againſt Selfe-ſlaughter,  
There is a prohibition ſo Diuine,  
That cranes my weak hand: Come, heere's my heart:  
Something's a-foot: Soft, ſoft, wee'l no defence,  
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,  
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,  
All turn'd to Herſie? Away, away  
Corrupters of my Faith, you ſhall no more  
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles  
Beleeue falſe Teachers: Though thoſe that are betraid  
Do feeble the Treason ſharply, yet the Traitor  
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. And thou *Posthumus*,  
That didd'ſt ſet vp my diſobedience againſt the King  
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the ſuites  
Of Princely Fellowes, ſhalt heereafter finde  
It is no acte of common paſſage, but  
A ſtaine of Rareneſſe: and I greeue my ſelfe,  
To thinke, when thou ſhalt be diſc'd by her,  
That now thou tyreſt on, how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee diſpatch,  
The Lambe entreates the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?  
Thou art too ſlow to do thy Maſters bidding  
When I deſire it too.

*Pif.* Oh gracious Lady:

Since I receiu'd command to do this buſineſſe,  
I haue not ſlept one winke.

*Imo.* Doo't, and to bed then.

*Pif.* He wake mine eye-balles fiſt.

*Imo.* Wherefore then  
Didd'ſt undertake it? Why haſt thou abus'd  
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?  
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horſes labour?  
The Time inuſing thee? The perturb'd Court  
For my being abſent? whereunto I neuer  
Purpoſe returne. Why haſt thou gone ſo farre  
To be vn-bent? when thou haſt tane thy ſtand,

Th' elected Deceit  
*Pif.* But to w  
To looſe ſo bad  
I haue conſider'd  
Heare me with p

*Imo.* Talke th  
I haue heard I an  
Therein falſe ſtro  
Nor tent, to bot  
*Pif.* Then Ma

I thought you w  
*Imo.* Moſt lik  
Bringing me hee  
*Pif.* Not ſo n

But if I were as w  
My purpoſe wou  
But that my Maſt  
Land ſingular in  
This cur'd inu

*Imo.* Some Re  
*Pifa.* No, on n  
He giue but not  
Some bloody ſig  
I ſhould do ſo: y  
And that will wel

*Imo.* Why go  
What ſhall I do  
Or in my life, wh  
Dead to my Huſb  
*Pif.* If you'l b

*Imo.* No Cou  
With that haſh,  
That Clotten, wh  
As ſcarefull as a S  
*Pif.* If not at

Then not in Brita  
*Imo.* Where  
Hath Britaine all  
Are they not but  
Our Britaine ſeem  
In a great Pools,  
There's liuers out

*Pif.* I am moſt  
You thinke of oth  
*Lucius* the Roman  
To morrow. No  
Darke, as your Fo  
That which t'appe  
But by ſelfe-dang  
Pretty, and full of  
The reſidence of  
That though his  
Report ſhould ren  
As truly as he me

*Imo.* Oh for ſu  
Though perill to n  
I would aduentur

*Pif.* Well then  
You muſt forget t  
Command, into o  
(The Handmaid  
Woman it pretty  
Ready in gybes, q  
As quarrellous as  
Forget that rare  
Expoſing it (but o